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PROGRESS.

THIS is the cant word of the day ; yet, like most other phrases of a similar kind, it has within it an element of truth and expressiveness. It may fairly be questioned, indeed, whether any word or saying ever attained to the bad eminence of *cant*, without being more or less the representative of some great fact, some profound principle, or some fervent emotion. As they say that no melody that is utterly worthless is ever promoted to the honours of the street-organ, so it is true that whenever we find some one phrase repeated by every mouth till we are wearied with the very sound, there will be found some mighty power at work amongst us, of whose existence and whose operations it is the undoubted token.

And surely if there ever was a period in our history which can claim to have made a rapid "progress" in all that concerns the physical and spiritual well-being of the community, this our epoch is fairly entitled to the distinction and the honour. From an era, perhaps the most heartless, the most formal, the most despicable which, at least for some centuries, has occurred in our annals, by an almost magical change we have advanced to a state of things which, if not the most heroic, the most philosophic, or the most romantic, that adorns the pages of our history, is yet distinguished by a striking contrast in every thing that is noble and pure, refined and religious, from that day of pretence and hollowness which has but lately come to its termination. It is impossible to look about us with any tolerable degree of candour and human sympathy, without perceiving the symptoms of a mighty change in the great heart of the English people, which, with whatever ignorance, error, and rashness it may be in a measure deformed, is yet based upon a truly honest and ardent desire for what is good, and great, and true. The old political traditions have well nigh disappeared, and statesmen of all opinions are giving in their adhesion to the principle that governments are instituted for the benefit of those who are governed. Religious tyranny and prejudice are effete with old age ; and the cruel persecutor of old survives only in a few, whose impotent lamentations serve but to recal the memories of the blood-shedding and chains under which our forefathers writhed and died. History is now no longer a mere chronicle of the evil

passions of men, as displayed in the intrigues, the wars, and the law-making of a few dominant classes ; we have learnt to see that a history of England ought to be a history of Englishmen, as well as a record of the political lives of her sovereigns and her soldiers. The whole domain of literature has been purged, and her atmosphere rendered clear and health-giving, amidst the storms of feeling, and the political and religious disputes which have swept at times across the horizon. Biographies, novels, plays, poems, books of travel, books of jests, and periodical publications of all kinds, display a propriety, a deference to the feelings of others, a reverence for the truth, a sentiment of religion (however vague), and an absence of all that scandalous scurrility and licentiousness which was wont to defile almost every thing that proceeded from the press ; while, above all, there is a certain genuine, hearty *earnestness* of thought and feeling pervading the great body of our current literature, which is among the most hopeful signs of the day in which we live. So also in the arts, which, like the fair flowers of the garden, are a more trustworthy token of the fertility of the soil from which they spring, than the towering forest-tree in all its pride and usefulness ; in these, the revolution which men's minds have undergone is fundamental, and spreads in every direction. The old antiquarian and mere artistic spirit is extinct, or lingers only here and there in the breast of a man of a past generation. We have cast off the nonsense which our forefathers esteemed philosophy, and no longer view the triumphs of painting and sculpture, of architecture and music, as the toys of a childish taste, the relaxations of an idle hour, or the vehicles of sensual gratification. From having viewed all outward ceremonial and all cultivation of the beautiful and the impressive in acts of solemn moment as adapted only to the young, the barbarous, and the unintellectual, we have learnt to see that, by the unchangeable laws of our being, the material and the spiritual, the inward life and the outward manifestation, are joined together by an indissoluble bond, and that the treasures of the earth on which we live are vouchsafed to us by the Author of our being to serve as visible and audible utterances of all that is most intellectual, most fervent, and most spiritual in our souls within.

True it is, indeed, that this progress is alloyed with much that is base and melancholy to see. As yet we rather struggle after excellence than attain it. We have good intentions, but we accomplish few great works. We are well-principled men, but we are not great men. We vacillate, and change, and boast too much ; we know not what to aim at with any clearly defined purpose, or any distinct conception. Our notions on religion, on politics, on education, on art itself, are still indefinite, misty, and hesitating,—old prejudices yet hang about us, and make us conscious of our inconsistencies ; we cannot shake off our former habits, or throw ourselves once for all into new channels of thought, or apply to every topic that comes before us the same tests of truth and utility of which

we yet in many subjects avail ourselves in no ordinary degree.

Still, the nineteenth century, as now developed, is a great and noble, and withal, in many respects, a happy epoch. What it shall issue in, none can say. Like an April morning, the face of its heaven is darkened by clouds and showers, and anon illuminated by a warm and genial radiance. Principles of fearful power are at work among us all; there is a hidden capacity for good and for evil, which every day gains strength and energy; and they who live through another generation may behold this nation become greater, nobler, more civilised, more happy, more religious than she or any other kingdom upon earth has ever been; or they may mourn over the wreck of their dearest hopes, and see her fallen into disgrace, into ruin, and into sin, *never again to be raised from her degradation. Sed Dei avertant omen*; and may every one who has an eye to perceive, a head to think, and a heart to feel, each in his own sphere, remember that he stands not alone, and that in his little circle he may aid in some measure the real "progress" of the age, and foster that spirit of benevolence, truth, and reality, which we trust is its noblest characteristic. And if an infant publication, adventuring in hope and fear into the vast concourse of books and journals, may speak of its future, and, without presumption, anticipate some trifling but happy results from its labours, we cannot but look forward to participating in a humble, but hearty, earnest, and resolute spirit in the cultivation of all that is most profitable and most precious to our common kindred.

A word or two may, however, be deemed necessary by way of apology for our designation. It is, then, but a name, and nothing more. We take it, as Johnson assumed it, now nearly one hundred years ago, simply for want of a better. In Johnson's case, also, it was but a revival. There was a "RAMBLER" commenced in the year 1712, shortly after the *Spectator* began to appear. Names, indeed, are, after all, matters of little moment, provided only they do not too loudly proclaim the pretensions of those who bear them. Their derivation and literal meaning are speedily forgotten in the new associations they suggest. Who thinks of the common *broom* when he reads of the royal or lordly *Plantagenet*? What a base origin has the word which rises to our lips when we think of the illustrious Friar of the Thirteenth Century, or the author of the *Novum Organon*; or who that admires the exquisite portrait of the too famous and too beautiful Beatrice Cenci, and remembers the tragedy of her race, is disturbed by the reflection that *Cenci* in Italian means "Old Rags"? And even though the "RAMBLER" had a signification of its own, yet what is more discursive or *rambling* than the bee, as it flies from flower to flower? what more apparently purposeless, trifling, and thoughtless beyond the present hour? Yet in its every flight is there hidden an indomitable energy, a determined will, a steadfast and distinct meaning. Floating though it appear upon the summer breeze, and wafted hither and thither, from the rose to the jasmine, from the garden carnation to the honey-giving thistle of the field, it is yet the ever-enduring model of industry, ingenuity, and productive power, to successive ages of men.

Contemporary Biography.

LACORDAIRE.

Who has not heard of the orator of Notre Dame?—the accomplished scholar, the skilful logician, the profound

philosopher, the learned divine, the resistless preacher, who exchanged the robe of the advocate for the frock of the monk, that he might fulfil a mission from God to the intellect of France, and lead captive thousands of young, ardent, and powerful minds to the faith of his incarnate Son. No one who is conversant, however slightly, with the periodical literature of our neighbours can have failed to make acquaintance with one of the most remarkable men of the day; for scarcely a review or journal, be its principles what they may, and however generally indifferent on the matter of religion, but has made him the subject of a lengthened and repeated notice, acknowledging his genius and his powers, even when it disputed his positions, criticised his style, or blamed his conduct. The Abbé Lacordaire is not only a public character, he is an object of popular interest: even the wretched *feuilleton*—that child of a lost world, as it has been called—has taken the pains to sketch the career of the famous Dominican, describe his traits of mind and person, and even portray his features, for the information and amusement of its readers. But they who have read, were it but one page of his immortal *Conferences*, will have felt that they were brought into contact with no ordinary mind—a mind of indomitable vigour, surprising versatility, richness, originality, grace, and subtlety; and, little as they may have learned of his history and his fame, will be sure that such a writer is not only a distinguished personage, but one whose words must have important consequences to the age in which he lives. What, then, will be their case who have ever come within the influence of his wondrous eloquence, in which not the deep-stirring voice alone, and animated gesture, but the radiant countenance, the varied action, the whole expression of the man, the very soul, the living spirit from within, speaks with a piercing, thrilling power, which, while it delights and satisfies their intellectual sense, penetrates by the force of some mysterious sympathy the most secret depths of their spiritual being, communicates emotions, evokes faculties, never known before, calls into life new hopes, new beliefs, a knowledge of themselves, and of divine things, and of the relations between the visible and the invisible, of which they had no previous conception; holds their entire nature in possession, and charms it, at least for the time, into willing acquiescence and submission? These will not need to be told that the history of such a mind abounds in moral phenomena full of interest and instruction, and that the study of his life and writings is one of the surest means they could employ to obtain an insight into the progress of the religious mind of France, and the present bearings of the Church upon the world in a country in which, more perhaps than in any other, there is a fuller exhibition of the positive forms of good and evil, and where the contest is not between differing phases of religion, all professing to be the truth of Christ, but between Christianity and infidelity, faith and false philosophy.

It is under this persuasion, and with this view, that the following papers* are given. In order to obtain a true knowledge of the intrinsic character of the writings of the Abbé Lacordaire, and of his mission to his countrymen, we must make ourselves acquainted with the man himself, the circumstances of his life, and his mental progress. The particulars which will thus be brought before us will necessarily furnish a clearer and more definite view, than any mere abstract statements, or more general observations could do, of the state and prospects of religious belief in France.

I.

BOYHOOD. SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

John Baptist Henry Lacordaire was born on the 12th of May, 1802, in a village of Burgundy, Recey-sur-Ource, department of Châtillon-sur-Seine. "No one can know," he has said in one of his letters, "how glad I am not to have been born in a town." His father and his grandfather were both distinguished members of the medical profession, and his mother was the daughter of an advocate; one of her brothers held a high municipal appointment at Colmar.

M. Lacordaire died young in 1806, leaving four

* The narrative that follows is for the most part derived from a series of notices in the *Correspondant* of March 25, April 10, 25, 1847.

children,* of whom the subject of this biography was the second. We find that, like many other eminent men, he had a mother of strong good sense and an elevated tone of mind, who inspired him with a deference for her authority, and wrought in him a respectful disposition, and a habit of obedience, in spite of the natural impetuosity of his character. Madame Lacordaire was a Christian mother, and brought up her children religiously. She succeeded also, though her means were very moderate, in providing them with a superior education.

Henry Lacordaire was sent to Dijon at the age of four years. He seems to have had a sort of presentiment of his future career as a Christian orator, if we may judge by his amusements; for when he was about eight years old, his delight was to stand at an open window, and there, as from a pulpit, to read out with a loud voice to the passers-by the sermons of Bourdaloue, imitating the gestures and the declamatory style of the preachers he was in the habit of hearing. In 1812, at the age of ten, he entered the Lycæum of Dijon, and left it in 1819. In his earlier studies he did not display any peculiar superiority; but in rhetoric his success was brilliant, and he carried off nearly all the prizes. At college the young Lacordaire made himself as remarkable by occasional bursts of a fiery independent spirit—so different from his usual placidity of temper—as by his intellectual abilities.

From college he passed immediately to the law-school in the same town. Like many others at his age, he turned his thoughts to the tragic Muse, and composed in verse upwards of eighty lines of a tragedy which he called *Timoleon*. It was at this time that he learned Italian, and also translated into French verse some of the odes of Anacreon; an exercise that reminds us of the young Rancé devoting the first labours of his pen to that sprightly poet. Sometimes he was to be met walking gloomy and alone under the willows that skirted a running stream, and would afterwards read to his friends some little verses which were the fruits of his reverie. But his forward ardent mind was too earnest to waste its energies, and compromise its future successes, by such unprofitable dreams; he read with avidity a vast quantity of books, and discussed one question after another with all the confidence and ignorance of a student of seventeen. But all this while he followed implicitly his mother's counsels; and as he was poor, he was naturally anxious to be put in a condition to support himself. He pursued his legal studies, therefore, with the same application and perseverance as he employed in every thing. The dean of the faculty of law, M. Proudhon, took notice of him, for he was too remarkable to remain undistinguished in the crowd; but there was that in the brilliant genius of the pupil which was ever passing beyond what was merely positive in the teaching of modern law. He longed to rise higher and pierce deeper than the barren letter of the code. He aspired to abstract theories and generalisation, which made the old professor caution him against becoming too metaphysical.

At this time there was formed in the law-school of Dijon a literary society, which had an important influence on the mind and destiny of young Lacordaire. It was called the *Société d'Etudes*, and was divided into four departments, comprising the entire domain of letters: public law, history, philosophy, literature. Our student joined all four, and these hardly sufficed to satisfy the ardour and activity of his mind: for he was able to devote several hours to the practical part of the science of jurisprudence, and to the discussion of questions relating to personal rights. Now it was that France, in the fervour of hope, was making its first essay of a new constitution; now began to appear some of the paradoxical novelties of the modern historical school; it was the moment also at which those vigorous spirits, De Bonald, De Maistre, De Lamennais, had begun to give an impulse to spiritual and Christian philosophy; when a more determined assault than ever was being directed against the old restraints and prescrip-

tive usages of literary composition, and the strife between the classical and the romantic was raging with redoubled and unprecedented violence. In all these discussions Henry Lacordaire took a part, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, soon won to himself the first place among his compeers.

This constant war of minds, so ardent and independent, so highly intellectual, was not long in seriously modifying the first ideas of the young Lacordaire. From the Lycæum, where he lost his faith when quite a boy, he had carried away that republicanism and deism which unhappily is almost always the result of college-life in France. Not that he was ever the unbelieving, godless demagogue that some have pretended; he may have been tinctured a little with the Voltairian raillery, or rather with the Rousseau hue, which corresponded better with the severe complexion of his mind,—for it is through this that France has passed,—but further he did not go. Even at this time the beardless philosopher had thus expressed himself in his own rare style, "Let who will engage in a war with order, order cannot be overcome: I compare it to a pyramid reaching from earth to heaven: we cannot shake its base, because the finger of God rests upon its summit." Elsewhere, refuting the error of Rousseau, who asserts that the social state is not the natural state of man, he said: "Such a system, followed to its consequences, leads to social suicide,—a crime the greatest after decide that the human mind can conceive." Again he wrote: "Impiety conducts to moral degradation; corrupted morals produce corrupting laws; and license carries a people to the verge of slavery, without their having time to cry, Let us take care. I make no account of the life of a day, a tranquillity only apparent, an accidental vigour which displays itself externally, and rejoices in its self-invented triumphs: sometimes a people expires in a mortal stupor, which it loves as a pleasurable and sweet repose; sometimes it perishes in the midst of fêtes, chanting hymns of victory, and calling itself immortal." He who wrote thus had not seen twenty years. How measureless, then, the interval that separated him even then from vulgar sceptics and senseless revolutionists! Still he was not yet a Christian. "He loved the Gospel, because its morality was perfect beyond expression: he respected its ministers, because the influence they exercised was beneficial to society: but in the gift of faith he had no share." Such was his own candid avowal at the time.

The literary compositions which the law-students read before the *Société d'Etudes* at Dijon, in the years 1821 and 1822, shewed more clearly still the progress and tendency of his mind. In one he related, in language rich with imagery, *The Siege and Destruction of Jerusalem*, by the emperor Titus. In another he descanted on *Our Native Land*, and collected from ancient sources, both sacred and profane, as well as from modern history, all the most touching recollections, and the most pathetic complaints, with which men had been inspired by the regrets of home in exile, and the thought of national independence outraged or destroyed. In a third he took as his subject, *Liberty*, which he treated after the manner of the dialogues of Plato, and he whom he introduced as the chief speaker was no less a person than the great philosopher himself, occupied in the society of his disciples at Cape Sunium, and exclaiming, *Liberty is Justice*.

If Lacordaire ranked high among his colleagues as a writer, he stood higher still, if that were possible, as a speaker and improvisateur. "We hear still," says one of them, "those extemporaneous effusions so full of brilliant flashes, those rapid trains of reasoning so adroitly managed, abounding in unexpected shifts, and supple turns, and sprightly sallies; we see that eye sparkling yet fixed, piercing yet unmoved, as if its glance could penetrate beneath all folds of thought; we hear that voice, clear, ringing, thrilling, almost gasping with eagerness, drunk with its own eloquence, heeding nothing but itself, and revelling without reserve, without control, in the rapturous flow of its own unfailing richness. We recollect those long debates, which lasted through the longest walks; those discussions, almost passionate, sometimes excited, but always amicable, inflamed by degrees even to a sort of violence,

* The three brothers of Lacordaire are distinguished men. The eldest is known by his *Travels in South America*, and his works on natural science: he is now professor of zoology at the University of Liege. The next, who resides at Dijon, is devoted to architectural labours, in which he has succeeded to admiration. The youngest is a meritorious officer in the French army.

breaking out into displays of feeling and bursts of eloquence, and terminating at times in strokes of wit the most diverting, in perorations full of pleasantry, and immoderate peals of laughter. O happy years, so quickly spent! O sports of intellect, so precious and so splendid, you predicted to the cause of God a matchless champion!"

The character and the genius of Lacordaire were in singular contrast with each other. That mind, quick even to suddenness, was capable of long, gradual, continued, daily, persevering labour; that energetic nature was most patient, it united in itself vehemence with mildness. That imagination, unruly and imperious, was fitted for investigations of the deepest and most protracted nature; in it readiness of apprehension was joined with the power of sustained reflection and constant calculation. Along with the florescence of youth, all the seriousness of the matured man appeared to be anticipated; and the gaiety and frolicsomeness of a child was combined with the meditative habit of a profound thinker. Together with an ardent enthusiastic temperament, he had a natural talent for order, method, and the arrangement of little things, a simple elegance of taste, and an exquisite sense of propriety and exactness. Whether it were verse or prose, he could stop at will in the middle of a phrase, or break off in the middle of half a verse. When the eye of a friend glanced round his little study, it could detect nothing which was out of order or proportion. The books were all arranged; the paper, pens, inkstand, the very pen-knife, were disposed with a sort of artistic nicety on the little black table, so as to form with it no angle that was disagreeable to the sight. The same regularity, the same neatness, appeared in his manuscripts, in his writing, in every thing he did, in every thing he touched. In a word, every thing about him presented a sort of material symbol of that *wisdom of the serpent united with the harmlessness of the dove*, with which he declared himself provided in one of his beautiful conferences, wherein he added, with a lively charming grace, that, like St. Francis of Sales, he would *give twenty serpents for one dove*.

II.

THE WORLD AND THE BAR.

SCARCELY had his law-studies ended than he betook himself to Paris, having previously visited the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and went into residence with an advocate of the Court of Cassation. This was in the autumn of 1822. He very soon perceived that "what particularly distinguished the Parisian advocates was their perfect ease of language and manner; they seemed to be conversing with the judge." We find him indulging in the sanguine hopes of worldly glory so natural to the confidence of youth. "I imagine sometimes," he said, "that God has his eye upon me, and that He has called me by my name before that I was born." But this glory was limited at present to inhabiting a little chamber six feet square, pleading a few trifling criminal cases, publishing one or two papers on some important questions in civil law, and speaking on rare occasions before the common tribunals. This was a good deal, however, for a first year's residence. In one of his letters he says, "I have been amusing myself this morning with pleading. The cause was a detestable one; but I wanted to satisfy myself that I could speak in a public court without fear, and that my voice was strong enough. I am convinced by this experiment that I should not be afraid to hold forth before the Roman senate itself. I cannot think how I was able to say a word." Another time he writes, "I shall plead an important cause in two or three months; Tripier is opposed to me; it's splendid."

These successful *débuts* made him be remarked and recommended. He was admitted into the private study of M. Mourre, procurator-general at the Court of Cassation. M. Berryer also asked him to come and see him; he talked with him an hour or so, and told him he could raise himself to the first rank at the bar, if he would take care not to abuse his facility for speaking. One of the judicial magistracies was offered to him; but there was something heavy and positive in the atmosphere of the courts that did not suit a mind so delicately organised

as that of the young pleader. He regretted the loss of his literary studies. "Alas," he said, "I have bid adieu to literature! I maintain with it only that mysterious correspondence and secret sympathy which unites the man of taste with every thing that is beautiful on earth. And yet I was born to live with the Muses. This flame of imagination and enthusiasm which devours me was not given me to be extinguished under the ice of the law, to be stifled by the pressure of hard material reasonings."

He was curious in his observations on the physiognomy of celebrated authors. "I have seen M. de Chateaubriand," he writes; "fine head, forehead bald, hair grey, nose long but noble, figure large and expressive, very like his portraits. He was talking with M. Berryer."

He had also found at Paris, in the *Société des bonnes Etudes*, some young associates who esteemed him for his excellences, and admired the rhetorical pomp and precocious gravity of his eloquence, already almost Christian. But an inexpressible uneasiness, a secret discontent disquieted his soul. He felt himself weak, depressed, and solitary in the midst of 800,000 men. He found no pleasure in gazing at those public fêtes at which the sun is always a bespoken guest, since the flattering distich of Virgil, "*nocte pluit tota*," &c. An inward growing melancholy, and the grandeur of the Christian idea, stirred to its lowest depths that soul which nothing in the world could fill. "My mind is older," he wrote, "than any one can believe; I feel its lines and furrows beneath the flowers with which my imagination covers it." "I have little attachment to existence, my imagination has worn it out. *I am satiated with every thing without having indulged in any thing*. Oh, if people knew how melancholy I am become! I love melancholy, I live much in its company." "They speak to me of the glory of an author, and of public duties; I have plenty such fancies. But, honestly, glory is to me but a sorry thing, and I cannot in the least conceive how any one can take the trouble of running after the little fool. To live quietly in one's fire-side corner, without pretension and without noise, is a pleasanter thing by far than throwing away one's ease to renown, to be bedizened in exchange with spangles of gold. . . . I shall never be happy till I have three chestnut-trees, a potato-garden, a field of wheat, and a cottage at the bottom of some Swiss valley."

He gave vent at the same time to confidential complainings: "Where is the soul that can understand mine, and will not be surprised that the very name of 'Magna Græcia' makes me fret and weep? . . . Men's minds are not made to comprehend mine; as well might I sow on polished marble! It is singular, but people think me insensible! At the very moment that I am the most affected, they think me unmoved. They do not distinguish enough between my real self and my fictitious self, that which I am, and that which I wish to appear: I cannot, like Sterne, weep before company; I am ashamed of tears. No one has more energy than I have, no one is more weak; no one has more audacity, no one is more timid."

These explosions of melancholy announced the day of divine things. He formed an intimacy with the Abbé Gerbet, one of the most distinguished writers in Catholic literature. "I see M. Gerbet from time to time: he is tall of stature; the most striking expression in his general appearance is his mildness; his voice is soft and of honied sweetness. We have begun shaking hands." And a little later he writes: "I see the Abbé Gerbet often; I am very intimate with him, and he has introduced me to ecclesiastics and missionaries of every rank. M. Gerbet is an excellent man, very open, and possessed of real talent as well as great information. At last I am satisfied."

In the society of such men religion made rapid progress in the mind of Henry Lacordaire. At the beginning of 1824 he wrote to a friend: "Would you believe that I am becoming every day more and more a Christian? It is an extraordinary thing, the gradual change which has been working in my opinions; I am arrived at believing, and never was I more philosophical. A little philosophy estranges one from religion, much of it brings one back to it; great truth!" The

spiritualism of Christianity was already filling the void in the heart of the young barrister. He wrote again in the month of February 1824: "I work, I use all application, I have the future before me. They all promise me a bright future, and nevertheless I am sometimes wearied of life. I cannot enjoy any thing: society has few charms for me; the gaieties of the world dispirit me; I am become a negative quantity in the order of things. I have no longer any enjoyment in self-love; I live upon it, but am beginning to lose my relish even for that. I experience every day how vain every thing is. I am loath to leave my heart in this heap of mud." Then he added at the end, "Yes, I BELIEVE! . . . Whence comes it that my friends do not understand me? How is it that they question and make a mock of my religious conversion? Is it possible that I am the only person in earnest, since nobody understands me?"

To a mind so active and so craving, to understand and to feel Christianity was to be a Christian; to be a Christian was to be a priest; to be a priest was, sooner or later, to be a monk; it could not but master in succession all the degrees of the Catholic idea. On the 15th of March 1824, he wrote: "I have been seized during the last few days with a most extraordinary idea. May I be attached alive to a cross of wood, if I have not thought seriously of becoming a country curate. Illusions of the moment; phantoms that quickly vanish! A restlessness to move under the Etna of life! . . . I arrived at my Catholic beliefs through my social beliefs; and still nothing appears to me more easy of demonstration than this consequence: society is necessary; ergo, the Christian religion is divine; for it is the means of bringing society to perfection, by taking man with all his weaknesses, and social order with all its conditions. My friend, I have always sought the truth with sincerity, and renouncing all pride; this is the only way of discovering it. If my opinions have owed any thing to the circle of friends in which I have lived, it is nevertheless the fact, that I have never yielded but to my own reflections, and in consequence of views which my own mind had combined. Many persons still doubt my sincerity, either because candour is a rare thing amongst men, or because there are minds which are incapable of distinguishing the accents of conviction from the grimaces of hypocrisy. As for you, my friend, you know me, and you do me justice. These are the reasons of my affection for you."

The discreet opposition of an affectionate mother—the surmises and railery of some of his friends—all the considerations of worldly prudence—nothing could check the impulse of his soul towards the honour and the duties of the priesthood. One of his letters, May 11th, 1824, ran thus: "Few words are necessary to say what I have to say, and yet my heart would wish to linger. I abandon the bar; we shall never meet there again; our dreams of five years standing will not be realised. Tomorrow I enter the seminary of St. Sulpice. . . . Yesterday the chimeras of the world still filled my soul, although religion was already there; renown was still my future. To-day I fix my hopes higher, and ask for nothing here below but obscurity and peace. I am quite changed, though I assure you I do not know at all how it has been brought about. When I examine the working of my mind for the last five years, the point at which I started, the steps through which my mind has passed, the definitive result of a progress slow and beset with obstacles, I am astonished at myself, and experience an emotion of adoration towards God. My friend, all this is scarcely intelligible except to one who has passed from error to truth, who is conscious of all his previous ideas, who lays hold of their mutual connexion, their strange associations, and gradual concatenation, and compares them with the different epochs of his convictions. A sublime moment is that at which the last ray of light penetrates the soul, and attaches to a common centre the truths which have lain scattered there. There is ever such a distance between the moment which follows and the moment that precedes this one—between what a man is before, and what he is after—that the word *grace* has been invented to express this stroke of enchantment, this flash from on high. I seem to see a man groping his way blindfold; the bandage is loosened by degrees;

he catches a glimpse of daylight; and at the instant the handkerchief falls off, he finds himself face to face with the broad sun." The next day, which was his twenty-second birthday, Henry Lacordaire entered the seminary.

[To be continued.]

Continental Sketches.

NUREMBERG.

MY DEAR —. After my last letter, in which I mentioned my determination on no account to omit visiting Nuremberg, as I expected, from all I heard, to be highly delighted with its architectural remains, which are said to transport you back to the middle ages, it will be interesting to you to learn what my actual impressions have been. I must confess, then, that they have by no means been of the pleasurable nature I anticipated. When I tell you that, on arriving by the *eibeggen* late at night, with the rain pouring in torrents, we had to go the round of the town, through badly-lighted and ill-paved streets, before we could find any accommodation; you will, perhaps, surmise that the discomfort of the outward man somewhat unfitted my mind for the enjoyment of the picturesque and the antique, and disposed me rather to appreciate the comforts of the 19th century. This, however, would be a rash conclusion; for never was I more pleased—I may say, impressed—or my curiosity more excited and put on the *qui vive*, than by the glimpses of the old-fashioned town which I could discern through the gloom. Had I carried away my first impressions, and never beheld the place in the sober light of day, I have no doubt I should have re-echoed all the sentiments which are found recorded by enthusiastic tourists and exaggerating hand-books. In imagination I certainly beheld a middle-age town that night; but daylight and observation sadly disturbed the fair illusion. Not but that, in a merely antiquarian point of view, the place is most interesting; probably no town in Europe more so. The strong and massive walls begirding the town, with bastions and towers at intervals, the deep, low, narrow gateways, the long, irregular streets, the quaint old houses, with their high pointed gables, sculptured fronts, and ornamented windows, and the beautiful old churches, all combine to form, at first sight, a *tout ensemble* most imposing.

This is not to be disputed. Nuremberg is certainly picturesque in the highest degree. It does not, indeed, contain a street like the Maximilian Strasse at Augsburg, which is, to my mind, by far the finest of any we saw in Germany, reminding you, by its noble sweep of the High Street, Oxford; neither did I see any houses to be compared, as single buildings, to those huge, old, richly-carved wooden structures, which are to be found in some of the narrow lanes of Rouen; but it has a grace and beauty quite its own. There is an air of distinction and ancient *prestige* about it; it rises before you as the legitimate offspring and representative of that wealth and artistic taste and skill for which its citizens were once so famous. The view of the *Reichs-veste*, or Imperial Castle Burg, from outside the ramparts, and the prospect afforded from its heights, are very curious and pleasing. I never saw a town which presented more striking or more novel points of view. You find yourself continually stopping to *take sights* (so to say), to enjoy the wonderful combinations of the picturesque, which the streets, the bridges, the roofs and chimneys of the houses offer to you at every turn; and as continually you say, "How like what one has read of!" "How exactly one understands what a town of the middle ages was!"

Why, then, you will ask, was I disappointed? Why did so remarkable a monument of the past produce more pain than pleasure? For the very reason, that what it represents, it represents so perfectly. *It is so like what it is not.* I do not speak merely of its social or commercial contrasts, though these, no doubt, conduce to strengthen and add to the feelings which the place inspires, and from the very discordance that prevails between the present and the past, so strangely brought together, produce an uncomfortable sense of in-

congruity and contradiction. Far less do I mean that the recollection of its past greatness depresses the spirits; such species of melancholy is often very grateful. But what I mean is, that the whole fabric of society, in the middle ages, being essentially Catholic, and the very architecture of the time an emanation of the Catholic spirit, the whole thing, as it now exists, is a mere outside, imposingly meaningless; an empty and dead thing. In spite of first impressions, and every wish to admire, this is the permanent effect upon the mind. It is the middle age turned to stone—fossilised. The spirit is fled. Life is departed. More than this; another spirit has, I will not say, animated, but given the semblance of life to the ancient and unaltered form—another life, foreign, unbecoming, unnatural, uninforming, not habitating within, but existing without; an outside, alien life. Were Nuremberg, what people love to call it, the “Pompeii of the middle ages,” it would suggest the same saddening reflections on the vicissitudes and social mortality of a people, as that famed “city of the dead” calls up on the strange, sudden calamities and destructions by which mankind are visited. It would make you sad, but it would not make you uncomfortable. As it is, however, it afflicts you not merely sensitively, but morally. It positively offends you.

But I must explain myself. After leaving our inn, we crossed one of the many bridges which separate one part of the town from the other, to pay a visit to the Church of St. Laurence, a noble Gothic structure, richly decorated, now devoted to Lutheran worship. I had heard much of it, as one of the greatest wonders and curiosities of Germany. We entered by the north door, and found ourselves in the interior of a lofty nave, with a choir still loftier. The windows were “richly dight” with figures of saints and holy legends; no dingy paint or dirty whitewash obscured the beautiful proportions of the tall columns; the seats were low, so that the eye could take in the whole length, and breadth, and height of the spacious building; straight before us, reared on high, the first on which our eyes rested, as if the chief object of attention—we beheld a large crucifix, remarkable for force and expression; and nearer to us, where the nave terminated, hung, suspended from the roof, a large shield-like circle of carved wood, painted, representing the “Salutation of the Blessed Virgin,” by St. Gabriel. Every pillar had an image of some apostle or saint; and ranged along the walls were many more with rich stone canopies overhead. Here and there, too, in niches, some sacred story, or life of some saint, was rudely carved: the side-altars were all retained; over each was some antique painting, representing the person or subject to which it was dedicated: many other pictures hung about, among them some very fine triptychs of ancient date. I must not forget to particularise what is the greatest ornament of the place, the *Sacraments-Hauslein*, or Tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament, a lofty, tapering spire, of most delicate network, apparently of ivory (such is its exquisite workmanship), but really of stone,* reaching nearly to the roof, and resting on the kneeling figures of the artist and his helpers. It is covered with a profusion of foliage and numerous figures of saints.

Remember, I am describing the interior of a Protestant Church. Some service was proceeding as we entered: the organ was sounding: the high altar, of modern erection, but of Gothic form, in itself nothing very striking, was adorned with lights; the officiating minister, standing in the middle, with his back to the people, was intoning a prayer, or versicle, to which the choir in the loft, at the west end, were responding: even the tones were Catholic; there wanted but the priestly vestment, and kneeling worshippers, to make the illusion complete. The congregation dispersed soon after we arrived; and a walk round the church, and a more minute inspection, shewed us how complete and entire was the preservation of every Catholic ornament and symbol, and even the accessories of Catholic worship. For instance, the side-altars were still covered with a fair linen cloth, as if for the offering of the daily sacrifice: on inquiring what was the object of the altars and their coverings, we were told they were *for ornament*. I have learnt since, from good authority, that,

* A stone pulpit in the same style has recently been erected.

till quite lately, even the large missal was to be seen on the high altar, as if for constant use; but also kept *for ornament*. The carved oak stalls were there, but never occupied; the confessionals, which are open and low, served now, we were told, as seats for the ministers, from which they catechised or lectured the young people of the place, and prepared them for “communion.” This proceeding still goes by the name of “Confession.” The stoups for holy water still were there; but, of course, dried up.

And now, perhaps, you will understand what I mean. The influence that pervades the place is not merely imitative or counterfeit; it is a lying, *usurping* influence; and you feel it to be so. Were Nuremberg a ruin, your imagination could invest it with its pristine beauty, and bring around it all the circumstances of its former power and greatness; you would feel as you do at the sight of Tintern and Chepstow, and see in thought the solemn procession winding along the aisles of its churches; and the proud independent burghers, whom emperors feared and courted, prostrate in their streets before the march of their Incarnate Lord. Were the Church of St. Laurence—instead of being, as it is, in perfect preservation, well kept, uninjured, and repaired—the cold, desolate, deserted place such as now are St. Margaret’s and St. Ottmar’s, in the Reichveste, however you might lament the change, and sigh at the remembrance of its past glories, and however hopeless it might seem to look for the revival of the ancient spirit of religion, you would not experience those uncomfortable sensations with which it now affects you. It awakens in you all the dreary saddening thoughts which a deserted church, or a ruined abbey, give you, without bestowing the same melancholy pleasure and the same religious repose; without even exciting your imagination. The greatest havoc which the fury of iconoclasm ever made has quite another effect upon you; you see the result, you know the cause; it tells its own history. The meanest Protestant conventicle is pleasing by comparison; it looks like what it is; it represents an idea; it has what belongs to it. But the church of St. Laurence, apparently Catholic, really Lutheran and Protestant, not only deceives, but mocks you. It represents what it is not with so much particularity, with so much completeness and truthfulness, that it makes you feel with proportionate keenness the contradiction between what it represents and what it is. The inappropriateness, the utter want of harmony and response between the outward form and the spirit that has possession, inspires repugnance and disdain. The symbolic is degraded into the ornamental; that which reflected the invisible, and had its meaning only in that which it reflected, is now itself the sole prominent object of notice, admired for its own sake, or regarded only as the memorial of the past. The images and pictures of the saints are valued as antiquities, or as works of art, occupying a certain place, decorating such and such a niche or pillar, and conducing to a general effect; not as representations of real living persons dwelling in the light and glory of God. They are not looked upon even as the effigies or the portraits of the dead, but as so much chiselled stone, or painted canvass, only the more appropriate to a church than to a museum, because they possess a religious character. The vast spiritual system in which they had a place and meaning is departed. It is as if you should find men preserving with care, and praising for their curious workmanship or artistic beauty, the likenesses of your dearest friends, for whom they entertained neither love nor veneration, and whose personal existence they denied. Yes, this is why Nuremberg, as a whole, is so disappointing and displeasing; it looks in appearance so like that of which in reality it is the denial.

St. Sebald’s Church, a beautiful Gothic building, though internally less clean and clear, being cluttered with numerous deal forms even in the chancel and up to the high altar, is as remarkable as St. Laurence for its thoroughly Catholic appearance, and the state of perfect preservation in which every thing has remained

* Our impression was, that these had been cut down to serve their present purpose; but it has been suggested that they are of their original height and form, as confessionals of the same kind were in use prior to the Reformation.

since the Reformation. Both within and without the images of our Lady and the saints are preserved as uninjured as the ravages of time permit. Over the western door is the largest stone crucifix I ever saw, so very massive and commanding. The outer walls are covered with sculpture, mostly, I believe, by Adam Kraft—the same who executed the *Sacraments Haus-lein*—representing the circumstances of the Passion. I do not know whether it were accident, but in the representation of the Crucifixion, at the east end, the figure of our Lord upon the Cross had been broken off in a most conspicuous manner; if not accident, it must have been the work of some individual zealot, for no other part of the edifice bears marks of violence. Inside the church, unremoved from the places which they occupied at their first erection, are the images of the Apostles, many old paintings and triptychs, representing the pains of Purgatory and other awful subjects, such as are now considered, both by pastors and people, as legendary and superstitious. The windows are full of stained glass, and over the high altar is suspended the Crucifix, with the figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side in wood. But the most precious, as it is the most prominent object in the place, is the shrine of St. Sebald—"a miniature gothic chapel, entirely of bronze, consisting of a rich fretwork canopy, supported on pillars, beneath which, as in a metal bower, the relics of the saint repose in an oaken chest encased with silver plates, the workmanship of which is most elaborate." The festival-day of the saint is still observed. His tomb is decked with flowers, and a procession with lights is formed round the church: a sermon is also delivered commemorative of his virtues, and particularly of his having been the first to preach Christianity in those parts. How much pious belief may not even this mutilated remnant of Catholic devotion and Catholic solemnity keep up unconsciously in the hearts of the simpler sort of people, in spite of the discouraging indifferentism of the higher classes, and the express declarations of their teachers! I say *unconsciously*, for of explicit belief in any Catholic doctrine there is probably little trace. We ourselves were given to understand, with something of self-congratulation, by the young woman who shewed us over the building, that the religious custom I have mentioned was no mark of devotion to the saint whose name was connected with it, but an act of thanksgiving to God for the knowledge of that religion which the saint had preached; though why God should be thanked for a religion which was since discovered to be false, our informant might have found difficult to say. I must not omit to mention another very striking instance of the maintenance of a religious form, when the reality is lost; which is, that a lamp is kept always burning in what was once the chapel of some ancient family, probably in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, and to obtain for the souls of the departed a particular interest in the great propitiatory sacrifice for quick and dead. I have been told also, that in the church of St. Laurence, till very recently, a light was kept opposite the Tabernacle, the door of which was removed, as though to display the emptiness within.

Such is Nuremberg—a self-contradiction. Outwardly it represents, in the most perfect form and the minutest details, all that assemblage of religious ideas, feelings, hopes, beliefs, affections, of which the life of the middle ages was made up. Not only its churches, but its streets and private dwellings are the monuments—I might rather say, the creation of Catholic Christianity—of Faith in an Incarnate God. His Birth of a pure Virgin, His human life, His Passion, the fruits of that Passion in His Saints, the great Sacramental Mystery, the influence of the immaculate Mother with her uncreated Son, are sculptured as if imperishably on its walls. You cannot separate between its social and religious, its architectural and ecclesiastical character; and it is the contradiction between its Protestant *ethos* and its Catholic form which produces that strong revulsion of feeling which I experienced. Were it less Catholic in appearance, or more Catholic in reality, this feeling would be proportionably diminished. As it is, it is an outrage on the moral sense. The Lutheranism of Nuremberg is more than an impertinence; it is a

lie; it lies to its own face. One only thing I saw which was true; true to itself, truth-telling, which had retained the inner spiritual life, together with the outer material form; as beautiful within as without; inwardly beautiful—our Lady's Church, the *Frauenkirche*. Need I tell you that *its* Tabernacle is not empty?

To one important fact Nuremberg bears the most convincing testimony possible; which is, that the merest Protestantism is compatible with the most perfect Catholic exterior. The uninterrupted careful preservation of the symbols of Catholic belief and Catholic devotion is no sign of the retention of that which is spiritual and divine, living and true. Those symbols are the natural expression of Catholicism—the body (as it were) with which it clothes itself. Such a body Protestantism will never make for itself, although finding it, it may occupy it as a material case, or retain it as a pleasing ornament. If it be asked why a Protestant people tolerate and even pride themselves upon the possession of the externals of a religion which they despise and reject, the answer is simple: they mean nothing; they signify nothing. In their eyes they are but specimens and memorials of a by-gone age. The very toleration of them is a proof of the utter nullity to which they are consigned. They excite no more alarm than the emblems of the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome which decorate our modern buildings; for both are equally disconnected with the faith and feelings of those who employ them. Nuremberg, with all its array of Catholic symbols, with more of the apparatus of "Popery" than is to be found in hundreds of the continental churches, denies all the peculiar cardinal doctrines of Catholicism—Episcopacy, the Priesthood, the Propitiatory Sacrifice, the Seven Sacraments, the Intercession of the Saints—and condemns the Catholic Church itself as superstitious, idolatrous, and anti-Christian.

E. H. T.

Reviews.

Pius the Ninth; or the First Year of his Pontificate.
By Count de Liancourt and J. A. Manning, Esq.
Vol. I. Newby.

THIS book has a taking title, but, on examination, we find it to be little else than a barefaced plagiarism from a flimsy but amusing French work of M. Balleydier's, *Rome et Pie IX.* That work is one which contains a great number of very interesting anecdotes, some thrown together from the newspapers, and others original—the whole being worked up into a superficial, gossiping narrative. A good *Ferrettiana*, or collection of the Pope's sayings and doings, might have been made out of it, by omitting all M. Balleydier's gasconades and vapid speculations, and dressing up his anecdotes with a little more English sobriety and good sense. This, in a manner, constitutes whatever value the present volume has; but the editors unfortunately have attempted to pass it off on the public as an original work, on the strength of a short preface and a sketchy introduction on the history of the Papacy. This is followed by a brief notice of the Life of Gregory XVI., the greater part of which we find, almost word for word, in Battersby's *Catholic Directory* for 1847. The only considerable portions of the work itself not borrowed, or rather translated, straightforward, from M. Balleydier, are—first, an account of the conclave, of the order of electing a Pope, and of the circumstances attending the election of Leo XII., when Austria interfered to exclude Cardinal Severoli (this takes up about 60 pp.); second, a pleasing narrative of the settlement of some Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at Imola, during the last year in which Pius IX. held that bishopric; and third, a romantic story about a young lady at Rome during the old régime, who is said to have been, *dolo malo*, abstracted by priestly influence from her father, and married to the nephew of a cardinal; and lastly, a few unimportant anecdotes about the Sacred College, and remarks about the Scientific Congress at Genoa.

We are disposed to notice this bad faith the more, as the editors, though they have thus borrowed, *manibus plenis*, from M. Balleydier, only once allude to the author to whom they are under such obligations. They say, in a note to a single conversation, related by him

of a friend, "This anecdote is recounted by M. Balleydier, in his interesting volume" (p. 284). In another place (p. 131), before giving a very long narrative of the ceremonies at the coronation of Pius IX., they say, "We do not find any one work in the vernacular tongue (accessible to the public in general), containing the full and accurate descriptions which *we have been enabled to obtain from authority.*" These descriptions are identical with those in *Rome et Pie IX.*, with two or three trifling variations.

The history in this first volume, after giving some biographical notices, relative to the parentage of his Holiness, his education, mission to Chili, and residence in the dioceses of Spoleto and Imola, reaches only to the end of the second month of his pontificate, and is therefore limited to the election, the coronation, and the amnesty. It may not be uninteresting to the reader, if we go over the same ground, quoting some of the more valuable anecdotes in the two compilations we have mentioned.

Giovanni-Maria Mastai-Ferretti was born at Sinigaglia, in the March of Ancona, on May 13th, 1792, and is descended from a family of considerable distinction in that province. M. Liancourt emphatically tells us, and the information may please some heraldic reader, that the arms of the house of Ferretti are, quarterly, 1. azure, a lion salient, crowned, or, *his left paw resting on the globe*; 2. argent, two bars gules. All accounts ascribe to young Ferretti great sweetness and "innocency" of life, a devotion and active charity beyond his years. A poor *contadino*, named Guidi, is related to have rescued him when a child from drowning, and has lived to see his little charge on the highest throne upon earth, and to remind him personally of his childish escape. The almost Oriental easiness of access to Pope Pius IX.'s person makes his biography somewhat remarkable for these touching recognitions.

At the age of 18, Ferretti left Sinigaglia for the imperial city, as his family were connected by private friendship with the reigning Pontiff, Pius VII., and it was intended he should enter his Holiness' service, in the Noble Guard. Providence, however, had other intentions for him; he was attacked by a serious indisposition—we believe an epileptic affection—which seemed to close all his prospects of a military life. Pius VII., who had contracted a great regard for his young soldier, wrote him a note one day, bidding him call, as he had "something to say to him from God." Ferretti came, and was asked by the Pope, whether the holiness of the ecclesiastical state had ever crossed his mind? He replied, that he had often thought of it, but that his malady was an insuperable difficulty. It could not be cured. The doctors had said so. "The doctors are not infallible," replied the Holy Father; "the Son of God, who healed old Lazarus, can heal young Ferretti, if it so pleases Him. And I have a presentiment that He *will* heal you, if only your faith is strong enough, and your soul ready for the visitation of His grace." His Holiness went on to tell him to spend the next nine days in praying for this blessing, promising to join with him; and at the end of this *novena*, he was to come and receive the holy communion at his hands. Ferretti was not disobedient. For nine days he constantly went to the church of Sta. Maria-degli-Angeli, with head and feet bare, in token of penitence; and at the end of that time received the holy communion at the hands of the aged Pontiff. Considering how manifestly the finger of God has marked out the course of Pius IX., we shall hardly shock the most sceptical when we relate, that from that hour his sickness left him.

He naturally looked upon this as an immediate call to devote his services to God, and addressed himself to the priesthood. Little is told us of his seminary-life, except that it was passed in unobtrusive self-denial: his virtues, however, were not so hidden, but that when as yet he was only sub-deacon, a venerable priest, his Superior, is reported to have expressed his delight in knowing, that "in Mastai, he was cultivating a plant which would one day produce a great Pope." His first sphere of duty as a priest was the hospital of *Tata Giovanni*. This is an institution for educating poor orphans, and was founded by an excellent man in humble life, to whom Ferretti attached himself, and laboured

much, as well as devoted a considerable part of his private property, in carrying out his plans. But he was destined speedily to be transferred from the superintendence of young orphans, and the companionship of Christ's poor, to duties totally different, and to a country very distant. It is, indeed, singular to see it named, all of a sudden, in a life that exhibits otherwise a sufficiently uniform development.

The first important office, however, to which Pius VII. appointed Ferretti, was that of Auditor to Mgr. Mugi, the Vicar-Apostolic of Chili (now Bishop of Cita-Castello), whom he accordingly accompanied to that country. But he did not remain there any great length of time, Chili being in a very unsettled state, and disputes having arisen between the government and the nunciature, which ended in their being compelled to return. A mind like Ferretti's would doubtless make full use of whatever opportunities such a mission naturally afforded him of gaining political experience, and knowledge of the ways and doings of men, in the great ocean of affairs. To politics, indeed, the state of his own country had early directed his attention; and he presents a striking instance of the possibility of several very diverse characters being united—that of the blameless, hard-working parish-priest; the earnest high-souled patriot, full of aspirations after the ideal happiness and regeneration of his country; and the clear-headed, practical politician, capable of managing men of the world, who have all their life been immersed in business and diplomacy. So careful an attention, indeed, was the young priest paying to all that went on around him, that long before there was any expectation of his attaining to the Papacy, it is said that he had fully systematised his political ideas relative to the amelioration of Italy, and had bequeathed the MSS. which contained them to whoever, at his death, should be the occupant of the chair of S. Peter. No details are supplied us of his mission to Chili, in its public relations; but M. Balleydier relates a beautiful anecdote of an adventure which befel him whilst travelling through some of the thinly-peopled and desert regions of that part of the South American continent. We extract his narrative as follows:

"In one of Ferretti's apostolical journeys, a great way into the interior, and far from the settled country, he met with a forlorn hut, into which he entered, and there found a sick man, lying on a wretched pallet, almost at the point of death. His wife and several children were standing helplessly around him. Here indeed was suffering to be assuaged, and a soul to be saved. Ferretti immediately halted, and caused his tent to be pitched by the side of the cabin. There was but little time—the sick man was near his end, and the hours fly fast when death approaches: it appeared, too, that he and his family were miserably ignorant of the faith, and had never even been baptised. Ferretti, however, spoke such living words to him, shed over him such tears of Christian charity, making him look at the sign of our faith—Jesus nailed to the cross to redeem men—that the dying man's heart melted within him, and he was touched by divine grace, so that he asked for and received holy baptism. The same hour his wife and children also were converted, and received that blessed sacrament. It must have been a beautiful and solemn sight to see those poor creatures bending under the hand of the holy priest, whom God had sent, in their utmost need, to admit them into His Church. Some hours after, the man expired in Ferretti's arms, after receiving the last consolations. Ferretti closed his eyes, tore up one of his own shirts to make a winding-sheet to bury him decently, and laid him in a grave, which he had dug with his own hands, at the foot of an oak. He did not leave the place till he had planted a rude wooden cross over the grave, and made the poor family promise, that if it were blown away, they would plant another instead of it,—for it was the sign of salvation. Then, after having given them his blessing, with holy exhortations and alms, he went his way."

On Ferretti's return from Chili to Rome, he found that his kind patron Pius VII. was no more; but his apostolic virtues were not less appreciated by Leo XII., who now filled the chair of S. Peter. That Pope appointed him prelate of his household, and president of the great hospital of S. Michael in *Ripa Grande*. This was an important dignity, as it gave him the entire control of that establishment, the largest of the kind in Rome. He continued the diligent discharge of his duties

as priest, and was active in preaching, and in giving retreats, especially retreats for the poorer classes, and in promoting the religious education of youth. On this part of the pontiff's life the Roman people are fond of dwelling, even more than on the unexampled brilliancy of the recent months of his career.

In 1829 Leo XII. raised Mgr. Ferretti (now in his thirty-eighth year) to the Archbishopric of Spoleto, whence, however, three years after, on Dec. 17, 1832, his late holiness, Gregory XVI., transferred him to the Bishopric of Imola, with the title usual in such cases, of Archbishop-bishop. This was immediately after the revolution in the Romagna, which was the gloomy commencement of that Pope's reign, and the translation of Mgr. Ferretti was probably caused in a great measure by the necessity that existed for a prelate of profound judgment in so unsettled and excited a province. He very soon won the love and obedience of his flock, by his primitive simplicity and heroic charity as well as his prudence. In reading some of the anecdotes related by his biographers, we might almost imagine we had before us a chapter out of the life of S. Martin, who bestowed his own garment to clothe one who was in need, and it was revealed to him that he had clothed Christ. Whatever came first to the holy bishop's hands, was devoted immediately to the poor, if they were in urgent necessity, and if his purse was already exhausted; so that often his steward hardly knew where to turn in order to meet the ordinary expenses of the house. Once, it is even related, that the bishop sent out his watch to be sold, to provide dinner for himself and a guest, his charities having absolutely exhausted all the money then at his disposal. Even supposing (which we have no reason to do) that these and similar stories were to be attributed to affectionate exaggeration, they still shew what he must have been, what saintliness and heroism he must have shewn in the episcopal character, when as yet his name was hardly known out of Italy.

Early in the pontificate of Gregory XVI. Mgr. Ferretti also discharged the office of apostolic nuncio to Naples. This was in the year of the cholera; and most readers will probably have heard how, during that visitation, his noble charity shewed that the spirit of the Borromei and the Belzunces is not extinct in the Catholic Church; how he disposed of plate, furniture, and carriages, to relieve the poor, giving up the etiquette of rank, and walking on foot; since, as he said, "when the poor of Jesus Christ are dropping down in the streets, His ministers ought not to ride in carriages."

In 1840, he was elevated to the rank of Cardinal, by the title of SS. Peter and Marcellinus. At Imola he remained till the death of Gregory XVI. in the faithful exercise of his office. Passing over two or three entertaining anecdotes, we may refer to some very interesting pages in M. Liancourt, about a correspondence which the cardinal carried on, the last year of his episcopate, with a view to establish some "Sisters of the Good Shepherd" in his diocese. It will be known that that sisterhood is chiefly employed in the charitable work of instructing and relieving female penitents, for whom Cardinal Ferretti was founding a house of retreat, for the success of which he was exceedingly anxious, seeing, to use his own words, "the lost daughters of the world soliciting admission into the fold of Jesus." At first, there were difficulties for want of means; but at length, in September 1845, four sisters arrived from the convent at Angers, and were joyfully received in the cardinal's palace. By October, the house of retreat was ready, and at its opening, the cardinal himself said mass, and made an exhortation before his clergy, "that they might know," as he said, "how dear this undertaking was to him." M. Liancourt supplies us with two beautiful letters which he wrote on this subject to the Abbess at Angers. We shall give a short extract, in which is quoted a letter from one of the good sisters themselves, not only pleasing from its simplicity, but important also, as shewing that Pius IX. has that characteristic of the great Catholic mind, in a high value for *seemingly* trifling "rules;" a disposition often condemned as formal, but forming, as it were, the body of holiness, ani-

mated by the spirit of love and Christian cheerfulness and zeal.

"The Archbishop of Imola provided for every thing. He it was who regulated the whole of the domestic arrangements of the religious and penitents. 'His great care,' writes one of the religious, 'is to keep constantly at his side the *coutumier*, in order that every thing may be done according to the rules; he himself reads to the architect the rules concerning the *grilles*, &c. Our least desire is immediately ordered by him to be done; he gives directions for it to his steward. He finds that all we make use of is too simple and too little. He nevertheless admires this simplicity. This morning he took great pleasure in reading before us the penances, the *coupes*, and concluded by saying, 'Come, come, you are all so good that this will not be necessary.' But he declares to our mother, that if by October she does not speak Italian, she shall eat dry bread and drink water for three months, as a penance.'"

In less than a twelvemonth after this, he was interrupted in a retreat preached by the Jesuits, to attend the conclave which terminated in his own election to the Papacy. M. Liancourt, as we have observed, gives an interesting account of the intricate process of voting used in the Sacred College on those occasions; after which follows an exact transcript of the order of processions, and an outline of the ceremonial of Pius IX.'s coronation, which took place on June 21 (the feast of S. Aloysius Gonzaga). As these details, however, are not of any biographical or historical consequence, we pass them over, and proceed to give a short sketch of the state of affairs which preceded the amnesty.

Affairs in the papal provinces on the accession of Pope Pius IX. were in about as bad a state as it was possible for them to be, short of the anarchy which, but for his appearance, they must almost immediately have produced. The finance department, from the system of farming the revenues, and from other causes, was so disordered, that the government was on the verge of bankruptcy; and yet the taxation was so capricious, so heavy, and in the shape of such offensive monopolies, so cruelly worked, that it was beyond the endurance of the people. The most clumsy and demoralising methods had been taken to adjust affairs; such as, the sale of government offices, the creation of sinecures for loans, and the raising of supplies by means of lotteries; the army consisted of mercenaries, and speculation prevailed among its chiefs; the higher civil functionaries were greatly overpaid, and the lower ones defectively in proportion. There was, of course, no representation, and civilians were excluded from all political affairs. An attempt had been made to remedy this under Gregory XVI., and a scheme of administrative reform was proposed by the Five Powers, when the disturbances broke out in 1831, but it was almost directly laid aside. There was very inadequate security for life and property; but for political offences a most jealous system of espionage was maintained, which kept in employ an immense number of worthless informers, the seed of last July's conspiracy, destroying all social happiness. An accusation from one of these persons to the police was enough to imprison an innocent man for years; whilst the great difficulty of getting at the government or the Pontiff, destroyed all hopes of redress. It is true that the outbreak of 1831 had justly alarmed them; but to such an unheard-of extent had they been carried by the dread of insurrection, that when Pius IX. came to the throne, there were no less than two thousand subjects of his Holiness either in exile or in prison for political reasons. The same miserable principles were in application throughout. The censorship of the press was extremely rigid. All meetings and clubs, even of a convivial kind, were prohibited; learned societies were discouraged; postal arrangements were in a very doubtful state: in short, corruption reigned every where. Added to all this, was the consciousness which rankled in the minds of the people, that it was the interest of the hated Austrians to keep matters in that state, and that their assistance had been exercised, and was always ready, to hinder them from ever emerging. Such was the state of things which Pius IX., *homo misus à Deo*, found on the day of his election, in June 1846.

He decided at once, as every one knows, to strike the first blow at this mass of social corruption by a

general amnesty, the conditions of which were based on the largest principles that good order could possibly permit. A solemn declaration of loyalty was the only stipulation required of those availing themselves of "the pardon;" and it extended to all, with the exception of persons guilty of other than political offences, and a few ecclesiastics, state-functionaries, and military. The rest were recalled, if in exile; released, if in prison; and restored to the full exercise of civil rights, if incapacitated, or under the surveillance of the police.

This decree was published on the 18th July, and immediately produced an ecstasy of joy throughout the Papal dominions. Happiness was now restored to thousands of families—mutual confidence succeeded to that miserable cowardice and cunning that had so long poisoned all the peace of society, and in many ways altered and degraded the national character; men were not afraid to propose schemes of amelioration, now that a sovereign was willing to hear them; and crowds of intriguing desperate men suddenly became devoted partisans of him whom they recognised as at least the great political chief of Italy. The crude, yet suggestive, material, for which able pamphleteers would have been, in former times, merely lodged in S. Angelo, was now examined with kindness and discrimination; the very name of Pio Nono became a watchword that disarmed public strife, and reconciled even private feuds, diffusing hope and peace wherever it was heard. It seemed as if a Christian Numa had appeared in the Eternal City, "quum ipsi se homines in Regis, velut unici exempli, mores formarent." We wish that recent events would allow us to apply the rest of that beautiful sentence in Livy's pictured page, "tum finitimi etiam populi in eam verecundiam adducti sunt, ut civitatem totam in cultum versam Deorum violari ducerent nefas."

The limits of the present paper do not carry us beyond this foundation of the immense superstructure Europe has since beheld arising from unexpected hands—a superstructure of acts, each germinating parts of a definite whole, of which this century sees but the beginning. Had Pius IX. been cut off at the beginning of his career, history might, perhaps, have doubted whether he was not another Louis XVI., as some of his timid Cardinals at first hinted to him. But he has now shewn the world a character at once simple and many-sided, of which the Bourbon sweetness and passive courage only constitutes a single phase. He has been sent, not only to abolish evil, or suffer it to be abolished, but to build up good. His work has been not so much destruction as institution. Were he to die to-morrow, his year's Pontificate will have left to the Papal states, either in actual working or in germ, a native military organisation; a reformed prison-discipline; a tolerant policy towards the Jews; a mitigated censorship of the press; the abolition of the exclusive use of Latin in courts of law; the admission of civilians to political functions; an admirably contrived municipal council for the city; a grand council of state, representing the whole of the Papal provinces; a better-regulated system of taxation; the introduction of railways throughout the country; a "Customs-Union" with other Italian states, which will destroy those local animosities so ruinous to Italy, and lay the basis of a new era for commerce; and lastly, the principle of Italian nationality and independence. If we speak of other nations: to the Christians of the East, languishing under the careless eye of France, he has given an efficient protector—a Catholic Patriarch of Jerusalem; the idea of a reference to the Pope was at least not derided by the haughty Diet of Switzerland; a Papal Nuncio is now residing at Washington; a British Ambassador will soon be residing at Rome. For Ireland, Pius IX. has asserted the principle of Christian education. For England, he has created a Catholic hierarchy.

Both sides of the picture we have given constitute a remarkable instance and verification of the following prophetic words, written by a profound observer of events before Pius IX. ascended the throne:

"It is true, there have been seasons when, from the operation of external or internal causes, the Church has been thrown into what was almost a state of *deliquium*. After violent exertion, men are exhausted and full asleep; they awake

the same as before, refreshed by the temporary cessation of their activity; and such has been the slumber, and such the restoration, of the Church. She pauses in her course, and almost suspends her functions; she rises again, and she is herself once more; all things are in their place, and ready for action. Doctrine is where it was, and usage, and precedent, and principle, and policy; there may be changes, but they are consolidations or adaptations; all is unequivocal and determinate, with an identity which there is no disputing."

Mind and Matter; illustrated by Considerations on Hereditary Insanity, and the Influence of Temperament in the Development of the Passions. By J. G. Millingen, M.D., M.A.

THIS is unquestionably the most entertaining book of medical metaphysics we ever met with. The entertainment, indeed, very considerably preponderates over the metaphysics and the medicine. Such a rattling, scrambling, gossiping, anecdotal, egotistical affair surely never before proceeded from the pen of philosopher. For, after all, Dr. Millingen is a philosopher, though not one of the scholastic or academic sort. To form a conception of the style of book he has written, we have but to conceive of something in every respect the contrary to the precise, formal, stately, solemn, and almost mathematical disquisitions of the old schoolmen, and we shall have the very type itself of our author's manner. With little plan, and still less method, he runs on from theory to fact, from philosophy to anecdote, from theology to poetry, from physic to jests (and very bad ones too); illustrating, or rather swamping, his own thoughts with the most interminable multitude of lengthy quotations from every possible kind of author, of every age and country; until we find, in the end, that, literally, nearly one-half of the good-sized octavo consists of extracts from the divines, the poets, the philosophers, the physicians, the reviewers, the letter-writers, who have formed the staple of Dr. Millingen's persevering studies. Here we have specimens of them all; one after another, head first or feet first, in they come; page after page presents us with the observations of somebody or other: when we look for Dr. Millingen's views and observations, he treats us to bits, or rather large fragments, of Plato, of Aristotle, of St. Jerome, of St. Augustine, of St. Gregory, of Catullus, of Virgil, of Dante, of Shakespeare, of St. Teresa, of Dryden, of Pope, of Madame de Staël, of Mademoiselle de Scudery, of Bruyère, of Addison, of Bolingbroke, of Massillon, of Bourdaloue, of Young, of Dugald Stewart, of Reid, of Cuthbert, and a host of others, whose names alone would almost fill a column or two.

Hitherto, indeed, metaphysics and medicine have been deemed rather dull topics to the general reader. Not so, however, thinks Dr. Millingen. He has evidently no taste for the solemnities of science. Versatile and active-minded himself, and ever on the watch to pick up something in the way of fact or entertainment, he has only omitted to learn the art of writing books on philosophical subjects, or to study the best mode of making his ideas intelligible to his readers. His style is far better adapted to his former work, on the *Curiosities of Medical Experience*; and we shall be happy enough to read the *Souvenirs of Half a Century*, which he tells us it is his intention to publish very shortly. In the present volume he has altogether failed to produce a work at all commensurate with the promise of its title, and has really furnished little towards the satisfactory knowledge of the connexion between the soul and its earthly frame, and the influence of temperament upon the development of our passions. All that he has to say on these topics he disposes of in his first part, and then discourses through the rest of the book upon various attributes of the mind of man, classifying them in a manner which is almost as singular as his mode of describing them. The oddity of the whole may be estimated from the prominence which he gives to "coquetry," as one of the leading "instinctive passions" of the mind; though whether it is peculiar to the fairer sex he does not say. He defines it, however, with a delightful simplicity,—"*coquetry in woman may be defined, the application of the theory of vanity to practical purposes.*"

The first portion of the treatise is by far the most

valuable, though chiefly in the way of anecdote and description. We must quote a few of the "curiosities of medical experience," which he gives us on various subjects. Here is a warning to those fanciful people who are given to feeling their own pulses:

"When the author was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Corvisart, who fancied that he detected disease of the heart in most of his patients, he observed that his disciples, impressed with the same notion, were continually feeling their pulse and watching the beatings of their heart, until many of them fell victims of the malady they apprehended."

The following is a confirmation of the remark which is often made by the common observer on the different effects of blindness and deafness on the mind of the afflicted persons:

"Mental aberration is not a frequent infliction on the blind. The blind man has become reconciled to his dark destinies: his senses are not exposed to constant temptations, his expectations are more circumscribed, his desires less ardent. On the contrary, the impetuosity, the restlessness of the deaf and dumb evince a constant wish to participate in all the enjoyments which they behold; and insanity with these unfortunates is by no means uncommon."

Here is a crumb of comfort for red-haired people:

"In regard to the colour of the hair and the complexion in insanity, this sad affliction is more rare in individuals with red hair. Out of upwards of 1100 lunatics under my care, I could not count more than about 20 whose hair was distinctly what is vulgarly termed 'carrotty.'"

The following is an amusing collection of anecdotes on the influence of accident upon the memory:

"A man, struck by the shaft of a cart, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, with a concussion of the brain; as he recovered from the accident, he spoke a language unknown to his attendants, but which a Welsh milkman, who was in the ward, stated to be Welsh, and he immediately conversed in that tongue with the patient. It was found, upon inquiry, that he was by birth a Welshman, but having left his native land in his youth, he had forgotten his native dialect, which he had not spoken for upwards of thirty years. Her Royal Highness the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, Stéphanie, assured me, that she was but an indifferent German scholar, until she laboured under a nervous fever, during which, to the surprise of the ladies of her court, and her attendants, she spoke the language both fluently and correctly. Coleridge mentions the case of an ignorant servant girl, who, during a paroxysm of fever, repeated, with perfect correctness, passages of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and it was at length found out that she had lived in the service of a learned clergyman, who had been in the habit of walking about the house reciting aloud passages in those languages. Dr. Rush mentions an Italian gentleman, who, in the beginning of an illness, spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death expressed himself in his native tongue."

In the *Assembly Missionary Magazine* we read an account of the Rev. W. Tennant, who, while engaged in conversation in Latin with his brother, fell into a trance, and was to all appearance dead. His friends were actually invited to his funeral, but his medical attendant, on examining the body, thought that he discerned signs of life: he had remained three days in this state of suspended animation, when he gradually recovered; but in such a state of total oblivion of the past, that observing his sister reading a book, he asked her what she had in her hand; on her reply that it was a Bible, he said, "A Bible! what's a Bible?" He was now totally forgetful of every former transaction, was taught again to read and write; until, one day, in repeating a lesson from Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly felt a shock in his head, and he then could speak Latin as fluently as before his illness.

Boerhaave gives a most extraordinary instance of oblivion in the case of a Spanish tragic author, who had so completely lost his memory after a fever, that he forgot not only his own language, but even the alphabet. His own poems and works were shewn to him, but he could not be persuaded that they were his own productions. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which had so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.

Dr. Abercrombie mentions an old gentleman, who, in an attack of the head, had almost forgotten the English language, and expressed himself in a mixed dialect

of French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Turkish. Having been some time afterwards severely burnt in the head, by setting fire to the curtains of his bed, his recollection of English was restored, but only to a certain degree—for his expressions were often most erroneous; for instance, having been taken to see a small house, he observed, "It is very neat; but it is a very little child."

He also mentions the case of a gentleman, who uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshhead. He had been a trader in tobacco, so that the transition from snuff to tobacco, and from tobacco to a hogshhead, seemed quite natural.

The next we give is almost too good to be true:

"Dr. Reid relates the case of a man who remained in bed all day, from want of determination in selecting a pair of trousers to put on!"

These are the most lively parts of Dr. Millingen's work. The best parts are a few graphically drawn descriptions of various peculiarities in the physical constitution, such, for example, as the varieties in what is called *temperament*. When he comes to reason and philosophise, his logic is often most amusingly bad, and he mixes up literature, physis, and metaphysics, in wondrous confusion. Take the following *mélange*, for instance, in which, besides the usual ingredients, we have a little politics into the bargain. The italics and capitals are Dr. Millingen's:

"The broad current of civilisation rolls like a Pactolus at the feet of thousands who cannot, who *dare not*, dip their humble cup in its waters, that are only destined to irrigate and fertilise some favoured spots. Further reflection on this fearful subject would be foreign to the nature of this inquiry. Some fanciful philosophers assert that we are in a state of transition—a progress towards the transmutation of our species into more perfect beings. This may be, but, alas! a transmutation of property is a much more probable event, although the present generation may not be doomed to witness the convulsion:

"They said they were an hungry—sighed forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich man only—with these shreds
They vented their complainings."

"*Le passé est un abîme sans fond, qui engloutit toutes les choses passagères: l'avenir est un autre abîme impénétrable. L'un de ces abîmes s'écoule continuellement dans l'autre; l'avenir se décharge dans le passé en coulant par le présent. L'HOMME EST PLACÉ ENTRE CES DEUX ABÎMES!*"

Our author's mode of proving that patriotism is an instinctive principle in man, is one of the choicest things we know. He tells us that the regular and constant return of migrating birds to their nest, more especially the stork, would seem to sanction the assumption. This is an application of something like the principles of comparative anatomy, which is entirely novel, to say the least of it. But if patriotism fares thus ill in Dr. Millingen's hands, what has he not done for the connexion between love and poetry?

"Love-making," says he, "is essentially *prosaic*; and I much doubt whether a poet was ever truly in love. In this instance rhyme and reason rarely go hand in hand, and the rhapsodies of a lover are more puerile than a nursery tale. A poet describes the *ideality* of love; he depicts what the French call *la nature en beau*. A lover to be successful must adhere to the pure expressions of nature."

We fear that the Doctor's notions of love-making must be intimately connected with the sentiments suggested by those very affectionate-looking China shepherds and shepherdesses, in sky-blue breeches and gilt coats, which formed the cherished ornaments of our great-grandmothers' mantelpieces; and that he thinks an idyl of Theocritus or Bion, or an eclogue of Virgil, the type of the language of all poet-lovers. His notions of lady's love are really too bad. First telling us that "the absurdity of love is so great, that no one but a man deeply smitten can feel compassion for a disappointed lover—although a disappointed and melancholy lover is rather to be considered an object of pity;" he gives us this opinion of woman's affection:

"It is not virtue or merit that in general wins the heart, or rather strikes the fancy of the fair sex. The virtuous and the meritorious are rarely amusing"—(under which class, the meritorious, or the amusing, would Dr. Millingen prefer to be

* Nicole.

ranked himself!)—"fashion, 'the fool's cockade,' is the chief lever of their emotions; and libertinism, so far from creating aversion or contempt, will often prove attractive and triumphant."

"It is to their very great susceptibility to tender emotions that we are perhaps to attribute the little stability of woman's love, which lasts in the ratio of the fierceness that consumes its fuel."

"Yet," says our author, with a charming impartiality, "in behalf of the fair sex it must be admitted that their love is of a more pure, a more disinterested nature than that of man." What, then, are the affections of a man, according to Dr. Millingen?

The most serious fault, however, in this novel species of ethical treatise is of a very different character. In his estimate of human nature, and of the probable results to be at any given time anticipated from the operation of its laws, Dr. Millingen, like so many others, fails to recognise the reality of those controlling influences which act upon us from the region of the spiritual world. He talks about religion; he praises religion; he admits the divine authority of Christianity; but, as usual, when he comes to systematise, Christianity makes no part of his philosophical system. The whole phenomena of the human mind are to be explained solely by the one law of temperament! Some philosophers are fatalists, basing their theories upon certain abstract ideas of a necessity compelling all creation to bend to its omnipotent sway. Others, more theological than philosophical, deny the reality of free-will, on a misconception of a few isolated words in Holy Scripture. And a third class, physiologists rather than moralists or divines, in a similar way reduce mankind to a condition of utter bondage to certain bodily laws, and believe that they have furnished a perfectly satisfactory *rationale* of the mystery of life, when they have expounded the influence of temperament upon the development of the passions! Such a one is our present author. He is not a metaphysical, nor a theological, but a medical fatalist. Taking his principles, and carrying them out, there remains no such thing as free-will, as moral responsibility, as virtue, or as guilt. According to this mischievous theory, it is not I myself, the immortal soul, which thinks, wills, loves, and hates, which is the moving and ultimate master in all my actions; it is my stomach, my nerves, the tissue of my brain, which are the real cause of my sins and my merits. I am born with a certain physical constitution, which is the pre-determining origin of all I do, and say, and think.

The fallacy of this and similar fatalist systems consists in their overlooking a large proportion of the elements which go to make up the whole nature of man, and the influences to which he is subject. The devotee to the doctrine of abstract necessity, the Mahomedan, the Calvinist, and the physiological fatalist, are each and all the victims of one idea, though that one idea may be different in the different classes. A text of Scripture, a metaphysical abstraction, a medical fact, runs away with the hasty reasoner; and, blind to all but this one, single isolated truth, he rushes to his conclusions, and expounds a theory from whose consequences he would often be himself the very first to shrink with dismay. Thus Dr. Millingen, having learnt from his professional experience the constant, the awful power of constitution and temperament in moulding the soul, assumes at once that because this power is real and mighty, it is therefore the only power which operates upon us; and that neither have we any indwelling energy which will enable us either to will or to act in opposition to its dictates; nor does there exist any invisible, supernatural, external agency, which struggles with and overcomes the force of our tyrant temperaments.

Hence the fallacy, the superficialness, the mischief of these one-sided systems. They state many undeniable facts; they explain on natural grounds many marvellous appearances, which the ill-informed conceive to be supernatural; they shew that the nerves, the brain, and the stomach are the fertile source of thousands of evils which people are wont to deem purely mental in their nature and origin. And in explaining all this, they do good service. The cause of religion, which is truth itself, can never suffer from the knowledge of any thing that is *really* truth. They only

become perilous when they go on to assume that because they can thus account for *many* of the peculiarities in the conduct of individuals and of societies, therefore *all* the phenomena of the soul are to be understood in the same way. Practically disbelieving the reality of supernatural agency, they proceed to their conclusions without recognising its powers as an element that ought never to be forgotten, and deem themselves most philosophical when they have most completely shut out all thought of the present operations of the hand of God in the mind of man. The world may *think* this to be wisdom; the Christian *knows* that it is folly.

An Analysis of Gothic Architecture: illustrated by a Series of upwards of seven hundred examples of Doorways, Windows, &c. &c., and accompanied with Remarks on the several details of an Ecclesiastical Edifice. By Raphael and J. Arthur Brandon, Architects. 2 vols. 4to. Richardson and Bell, London.

SINCE the work of Rickman, the first discriminator of the differences in the several Gothic styles, and a writer of far greater practical investigation than the host of authors who have since produced so many manuals, glossaries, treatises, and illustrated descriptions of Gothic churches, none have exhibited nearly so much research into actual existing examples, or put forth in the same compass so large an amount of original information, as the industrious and talented architects by whom the present volumes have been issued.

The authors have concluded a long and varied periodical series of architectural details, by the publication of a preface, or introduction to the general subject, profusely illustrated by beautiful woodcuts, and containing a masterly sketch, in the compass of 103 quarto pages, of the progress and principles of the Gothic styles. In this preface, the theory and geometrical composition of windows, the formation and origin of mouldings, the classification of doorways, the construction of wooden roofs, &c., are clearly and scientifically developed; and thus, the whole work, large and costly as it may be thought by the advocates of cheap knowledge, forms an indispensable addition to the library of those who desire to "keep up" with the rapid advancement which has been made in the science of Gothic architecture.

By an "Analysis" of the elements of Gothic architecture, is meant an examination of the history and constructive principles of certain characteristic features, the influence of which is universal, though the forms and modes of application are very various. It is highly instructive to view these separately, as the leading or primary ideas by which the Gothic is distinguished from its prototype and predecessor, the Romanesque, and by the working out of which, such widely different results were produced in the end from those which were seen, or even contemplated, at the first. For instance, to trace, by the aid of select and appropriate examples, the progress of windows, from the Norman light to the gigantic traceried frame, which occupies the whole eastern end of York Cathedral—to consider this one feature apart from all other parts of a church, connectedly and continuously, will contribute more to a real knowledge of Gothic principles, than the perusal of half a dozen books descriptive of the general characteristics of each style.

If any equivalent and substitute for the actual inspection of ancient buildings can be conceived, it is supplied by such works as the present, in which every part of the original, even to the joints of the masonry, is given in elevation on a scale reduced from careful measurements. By these means, a much greater mass of architecture is brought under the eye of a reader in a few hours, than he is likely to see (or at least to visit with opportunity for study) in his lifetime. But further, he has what the original does *not* supply at sight; sections, plans, centres of curves—the entire scheme and system of composition—all supplied to his use in the most practical and available form. And hence, though it is true that Gothic architecture cannot be properly learnt without examining real buildings, so neither can its construction be learnt by ordinary observers, without the aid of such illustrations as the "Analysis" supplies.

It would, indeed, be difficult to speak too highly of the present work; and we say this in all sincerity, not from a casual glance, but from an attentive and repeated examination of its contents, graphic as well as literary, from its first appearance to its concluding essay. It is the first work of the day of its kind; it distances all others of a popular and merely pictorial character, from the rigid and minute accuracy with which every detail has been engraved in outline, and the clearness and completeness of the illustrations; every plate having its accompanying mouldings, sections, and (where necessary) plans for laying out the design. Thus, a series of working-drawings, hitherto quite unparalleled in the important points of novelty, accuracy, and intrinsic interest, has been produced in the only way by which it could have been properly achieved; personal inspection of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of old parish churches, in every county, and especially in the least-explored districts of this kingdom. The authors have, in fact, made it their business to undertake very extensive tours, expressly for their work; to examine every thing for themselves, and to build their inductions on what they have seen, rather than on what they have read.

"Before advance in Gothic architecture can become practicable," it is well observed, (p. 3), "it is indispensable that there be a recovery from retrogression. The first thing to be attained, is the mastery of Gothic architecture as it *has been* practised. It is accordingly the object of these volumes, by conveying a clear and full exposition of the various details of Church architecture as they *exist* in our churches, to contribute, in however humble a degree, toward the attainment of this all-important preliminary step." This is sensibly said, though it hardly extends to the true source of modern failures, which is briefly this: that architects have tried to resuscitate the *corpus* without waiting for the inspiration of the *anima*—the Catholic, religious, creative *spirit*—of ancient art.

Holding, as of course we do, and asserting without hesitation, the view, that without the same religious unity and faith, it is vain to expect the same magnificent results in these modern times, as those which still attest the glory of the mediæval Church, we nevertheless fully believe that, *as far as architectonic or masonic principles are concerned*, the art is not only recoverable, but actually has been recovered. Few problems, perhaps none, remain to be solved; works in every respect equal to antiquity, or, at least, inferior only in costly decoration, are, and have been, erected by living architects. The geometric secrets, so to speak, which were supposed to have regulated the ancient designers, are no longer secrets; at least, there are no sound reasons for believing that any thing remains unknown which a little more time, and a little more patient investigation, will not reveal. Facts multiply upon us as fast as data are supplied. Thus, in the present work, the authors have established the important law, that "the principle of the equilateral triangle constitutes the basis of the formation of all decorated window-tracery" (p. 41). This is elaborately shewn in a very clear exposition of the subject in the succeeding pages: and although it is freely admitted that much license and great departures from geometrical precision will often be detected in the composition of windows of this era, still in *all* (such is the term applied by the authors, after most extensive investigations), the system of triangulation will be found to exert an influence.

We wish that we could give a summary, at once intelligible and interesting to our readers, of the very complete dissertation upon the rise and development of window-tracery, with which the authors have enriched their treatise. This subject, indeed, forms the principal part of it, as, from its primary importance, it fully deserved to do. The progress of the art, from the couplet-lancet, comprised under a common hood-mould, and first perforated, then cusped or foiled, in the vacant head; the juxtaposition of two such rude windows, making one of four lights, again pierced with a larger circle in the head;* the gradual development of the spandril apertures, the cusping, and lastly, the transition to flowing loops from complete circles—all this is

laid down with admirable clearness, and illustrated by many appropriate and interesting examples. Some highly curious instances of experimental efforts in early tracery are given; and the singular fact pointed out, that as early as the time of Edward I., perpendicular or vertical tracery was known, though then rejected as unworthy of further attention; rather, perhaps, as inconsistent with the then prevalent principles of Gothic composition.

The authors observe (p. 16), that, "at its introduction, and throughout the continuance of the semi-Norman period, the pointed arch was very obtuse, rarely becoming equilateral, and perhaps in no single instance acutely pointed." This is generally true, and is undoubtedly a remarkable and interesting fact; for it goes very far to prove that the pointed arch was, after all, in its origin, merely a modification of the semicircular, and by no means a different constructive principle, or essentially novel discovery. Certain it is, that many of the earliest examples are little more than round Romanesque arches, *very slightly peaked at the apex*—and as it were just perceptibly pointed.

Many instances could be adduced to shew that the decidedly pointed arch was perfectly well known to, and occasionally used by, the Normans, before the transition had fairly set in. They appear rather to have disliked it, as uncongenial (which it manifestly is) with the principles of Romanesque composition, than to have been ignorant of its claims.

The authors have furnished some interesting proofs of the occasional practice of assimilating and adapting later alterations, improvements, and additions, to previously existing models. This is illustrated by the remarkable examples, among others, of the western portion of the nave and aisles of Westminster Abbey, completed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, after the model of the Early English portion already constructed in the reign of Henry III., the only difference being in the mouldings, which retain their respective characteristics, in all respects, in the two portions.

There is a short section on "clerestory windows," in which the authors maintain that "the Anglo-Normans used them much more frequently than did the architects of either the Early English or the Decorated eras." If this is intended to apply to parochial churches, we can hardly acquiesce in the statement; at least our own researches would supply us with ten examples of either of the latter to one of the former.

The real truth is, that we are incompetent, at the present day, to determine the *general* practice of the church-builders previous to the fifteenth century in respect of clerestories, since, in the vast majority of instances, the roofs and upper walls of the naves have been altered, and in many of those which remain the windows may have been enlarged. The doctrine that, because a new church is built in the Decorated style, therefore it should have no clerestory, is now beginning to be rejected, and, we think, wisely. Mr. Pugin's greatest works, Cheshire and St. George's, would have been very much the better for a series of clerestory lights, as is generally admitted by the critics of those very magnificent structures.

We trust that the authors rightly predict (p. 71) that "the day is surely coming when architecture will no longer be studied as a dead language, as an art which a gulf of nearly four centuries divides from us; once well understood (it is already appreciated), its admirers boldly strike out anew the track in which our ancestors laboured, and, armed with their principles, will advance it to a climax of beauty unknown even to them."

A long and scientific disquisition on the construction of open roofs commences the second portion of the work. We are glad to find that the authors are preparing a separate treatise on this very interesting subject, to which attention was first called by some well-known articles in the *British Critic*, a few years ago. We cannot refrain from quoting the concluding words of this section:

"Before leaving the subject, we would fain raise our humble voice, urgently pleading for the careful restoration of these truly national glories; for, after all, none other than our own oak-bearing land can boast of roofs such as those that abound with us, either in beauty or boldness of execution. But, while

* A singular confirmation of this view will be found in Plate xxxv. of "Potter's Tintern Abbey."

we would urge their restorations as peculiarly national works, let not the pressing necessity of such a course be forgotten. None but those who have devoted close attention to the subject, climbing the ladders, and bestowing a careful and minute inspection, can form an idea of the effect produced by nearly four centuries of neglect and decay. A few years must assuredly witness the restoration or total destruction of many most exquisite roofs—pious legacies of our forefathers."

Screens, open seats, doors, and wooden porches are treated of in this section; and the work closes with an excellent account of ancient metal-work, especially in reference to the many exquisite specimens of ramified hinges which yet remain of the best Gothic era. This art, we may observe, is, with us, yet in its infancy; scarcely any thing has been done by modern artificers in reproducing these beautiful designs of wrought metal, to the exclusion of the vile cast-iron ware which modern parsimony has introduced. The attempts to imitate ancient hingework on the new doors at the west entrances of York and Norwich Cathedrals, shew how very far we are from understanding the art.

Sincerely do we congratulate the enterprising authors on the completion of what is, undoubtedly, a great work. The aggregate result of most extensive researches is presented to the reader, enhanced in value by beautiful illustrations, a clear and elegant descriptive style, and sound scientific knowledge, such as few but practical architects can bring to bear on the subject. We hope that the *Parish Churches*, now in publication by the same gentlemen, may be taken as an earnest of future contributions in other departments of mediæval art, and that they may speedily attain a celebrity in their profession which so deep an acquaintance with the principles of ecclesiastical architecture can hardly fail ultimately to ensure.

Since the above was written, the architectural world has been grieved to learn that, after a very short illness, the younger of the two able brothers, whose work we have noticed, has been called away by death. We believe there were few persons in the profession, of similar standing, whose career promised to be more successful than that of Mr. J. A. Brandon.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Gray's Elegy. Illustrated by the Etching Club. London, Cundall.

THESE charming etchings are not only beautiful and striking in themselves, but, taken as a whole, they succeed remarkably well in embodying the peculiar sentiment of the poem which they illustrate. In a period of art when painters and sculptors display so much more fancy than imagination, and, with all their praiseworthy zeal, rarely attain to the expression of the *spirit* of their subjects, a book which instantly affects the tone of one's feelings is not a little welcome. Few persons, we think, who are capable of sympathising with the touching thoughts of Gray's poem, will turn over these prints without yielding themselves to their sweet *elegiac* influence.

Flowers, and their Kindred Thoughts. Illustrated in illuminated printing; by Owen Jones. London, Longmans.

It is really difficult to speak of this brilliant volume without falling into the common phrases of puffing hyperbole. In sober simplicity we can only say, that the most sanguine believer in the powers of chromolithography can hardly have expected to see its powers so soon brought to such singular perfection. The designs for the *Flowers* are full of spirit, and true to nature; but the fidelity with which the tints of the artist's pencil are rendered by the colour-printing is absolutely astonishing. The binding and getting up of the book are not unworthy of its contents.

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. With Illustrations, original and from the antique, by G. Scharf. London, Longmans.

THE illustrations to these popular poems are perhaps more classical than the poems themselves. This indeed is not saying very much in their favour; for the lays, though animated and taking, have little enough of the genuine soul of old Rome about them. The prints, how-

ever, have no such high pretensions to perfect excellence as to injure the verses by the contrast.

The Heroic Life and Exploits of Siegfried the Dragon-slayer. An old German Story. With eight Illustrations by Kaulbach. London, Cundall and Bogue.

HERE is a true wild German legend, handsomely got up and printed, with eight elaborately worked lithographs, such as those by which the French and German artists have long since shewn the capabilities of stone-engraving. One of the number (p. 32) is in some measure a failure; and the drawing of Siegfried's muscular frame is any thing but correct. The rest are striking and expressive.

Words of Truth and Wisdom (Cundall) is a gay little present, printed in gold and colours, in the old illuminating style.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. *The Juvenile Verse and Picture Book.* London, Burns.
2. *Gulliver's Travels.* Revised for general use. London, Burns.
3. *Classical Tales and Legends.* By W. B. Flower, B.A. London, Burns.
4. *Stories from Heathen Mythology and Greek History; for the use of Christian Children.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. London, Masters.
5. *Stories from the Chroniclers. Froissart.* By the Rev. H. P. Dunster, M.A. London, Masters.
6. *The Playmate.* London, Cundall.

ALMOST every one thinks that he could write a good book for children, if he were to take pen in hand for the purpose; yet every one who is much concerned in their education learns by experience how singularly few are the books which at all come up to our idea of what children's books ought to be. The fact is, that we all find it as difficult to put ourselves into the place of a child, and see and feel as he sees and feels, as we find it in the case of grown-up people with whom we have little or no agreement in opinion and in habitual modes of thought. We both undervalue and overvalue their knowledge and their capacities; and at the same time are in perpetual peril of assuming a certain patronising and didactic tone, which, if it does not positively repel the little reader's sympathies, at any rate goes far to prevent him from gaining the profit which we wish to see him derive from our labours. Hence it is that books for boys and girls have generally such an air of unreality about them; they betray an offensive spirit of condescension in their authors; and, adopting a kind of preaching style, fail altogether of awakening that interest, and of exerting that influence in the growing intelligence and feelings, without which all instruction is nothing but toil spent in vain.

It is a good symptom in our present book-writers for the young, that they are taking to search among older sources, and in works which have hitherto been almost exclusively the property of grown-up people, for materials for compilation, instead of trusting solely to their own genius and wisdom. The books in the above list are all more or less put together on this principle, and are as welcome presents to the father and mother of a family, as to the little folks themselves for whose especial benefit they are designed.

1. The first is one of those happily illustrated verse-books, brought out by the same publisher who has already shewn the lover of art that we have no need of going to foreign artists in order to gratify our taste for the romantic and graceful in embellishment. *The Juvenile Verse and Picture Book* is as pretty a little volume, containing as judicious a selection of poetry, as the most fastidious could desire to give to a young reader of fourteen or fifteen years old, with a wish to cultivate his love for all that is poetic and beautiful, without sacrificing to the spirit of evil even in its most subtle forms. The illustrations abound throughout; none of the designs are bad, and many are excellent. The wood-cutting also is generally very happy, especially in the specimens of wild and garden flowers scattered through the pages.

2. Every man knows *Gulliver's Travels*, and how

he read them when a boy, wondering whether they were really true, and whether it would ever be his lot to see the cunning little rascals at Lilliput, and the marvellous horses with the unpronounceable names. If he was also a boy with any sense of decency, he will have wondered that the author of the story should have thrust in those offensive fragments of intolerable grossness, with which the genius of Swift was too often wont to defile its wittiest efforts. In this edition, we are extremely glad to find that these odious blemishes are banished, and without any loss to the interest of the story. Some persons, indeed, have a strong prepossession against such emendations; but when the question lies between the corrupting the innocent mind, or the depriving it of many an hour of profitable recreation, we cannot but think that the prepossession is nothing but a superficial prejudice. In the illustrations, Hablot Browne has caught a measure of the witty Dean's broad humour and grotesque fancies.

3. Mr. Flower's *Classical Tales and Legends* is also a useful little introduction to the marvels of the old mythology. To our own ears, it reads somewhat heavily; but by a child this defect would probably be overlooked in the interest and novelty of the stories themselves.

4. Mr. Neale's *Stories from Heathen Mythology and Greek History* have more pretence in them, but would have been better if the effort to render them striking and "Ossianic" (as the author seems to think) had been dispensed with. The moral also, or preachment, at the end of each tale, is often forced and obtrusive; and we suspect will find small favour with young readers. When will people remember that no one ought to preach when out of a pulpit? Notwithstanding all this, however, Mr. Neale has our thanks for a valuable contribution to the children's library; and will have them in a still greater degree, if in a future edition he will treat his own moralities as the editor of *Gulliver* has treated Swift's immoralities.

5. The fifth on our list is just what we have long wished to see; a volume of stories from one of the charming old chroniclers, told as nearly as may be in their own inimitable language, and stripped only of what would weary the modern and youthful reader. Mr. Dunster has done well in confining his selection to one definite period; and we shall be glad to see others who may imitate him, (as others certainly will,) executing their task as skilfully as he has accomplished his own.

6. Of the woodcuts in the *Playmate*, we can only say, that they are many of them so clever and striking, that they are well worth separating from the text, and printing on fine paper, with that care which it is impossible to give to them when they are taken off in conjunction with common letter-press. The stories and poetry in this very pretty book of course vary in quality and merit, but they are generally well chosen and entertaining.

Miscellanies.

CLASS SINGING.

THE Hullah "system," and the Mainzer "system," and the "no-particular system," are gradually shewing to the public their respective merits by their various fruits. We believe ourselves that there is no little portion of *fudge* in these endless pretences to new "systems," where pretences to novelty are really made by the teachers, and not fathered upon them by foolish admirers. Each master may have some little ingenious device of his own for facilitating the learner's progress; but what difference there can be between one method of *real teaching* and another, except in the exercises which are employed (which of course are endless), we cannot see. However this may be, Hullah's pupils are beginning again a series of concerts which will fairly test their strength; Mainzer and the Edinburgh folk are at war with the *Athenæum* journal on the "Mainzer system;" while the reports of Sterndale Bennett and the Rev. Mr. Helmore on the singing at the Battersea College, and at St. Mark's, Stanley Grove, are satisfactory proof of what can really be done with children and amateurs. "Altogether," says Mr. Helmore, in his report on Battersea College, "I am of opinion that although the stay of the students in the College is very limited, the study of music may be successfully pursued by them with a view to ultimate usefulness; and by means of

the system now adopted they may be enabled to impart a clear view of the rudiments of music and singing to those placed under their care." Mr. Helmore is the master of the Chapel Royal children, and also takes a considerable part of the direction of the music at Stanley Grove, and he reports that, notwithstanding the perpetual change of pupils, "The individual attainment of our pupils is greater than the skilful and less than the unskilful would suppose. Of those who have already left the institution, several have been very useful in assisting the clergy in the improvement of the music in the schools and churches. * * * About one in five of those resident in the College at any one time would be found able to sing at sight,—and about the same proportion would not be able to sing at all without help from the others; while the rest would be sufficiently grounded in the art to become, by their own future exertions, good practical musicians."

The "system" of Dr. Mainzer (who was formerly a Catholic priest) having been somewhat sharply criticised by the *Athenæum*, the criticism was contradicted at a meeting of the Association for the Revival of Sacred Music in Edinburgh, and Mainzer's great success was positively attested. By this, however, and by Dr. Mainzer's remonstrances, the critic still remains unconvinced.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE: RESTORATIONS, &c.

THE new Catholic church built for Mr. Raphael, at Surbiton, by Mr. C. Parker, is one of the few Italian buildings which, in the present Gothic taste, still appear here and there like strangers in a land foreign to all their habits and associations. The building, if we may judge from the engraving, is not altogether unsuccessful; but we can make neither head nor tail of the clerestory, as it appears in the print. The upper portion of the *campanile* seems to be the best part of the design.

WORKS IN PARIS.—The choir of the church of *St. Germain des Près* has been decorated elaborately. The vaultings are painted blue, sprinkled with gold stars; the walls present figures of saints and archangels larger than life, on a gold ground; the columns and the groinings are painted of various colours, and all the windows are filled with stained glass.—Rapid progress is being made in the works at the *Sainte-Chapelle*, and a magnificent result may be expected. The clusters of columns, the groins, the windows, and walls, are resplendent with colour, gilding, and enamel. An enormous sum has been spent there.—At the celebrated hospital of *Bicêtre* considerable works are going on, a part of the old structure being demolished for rebuilding. The cost is estimated at 12,000*l.*—Designs for a new *Palais de Justice* have been approved of by the *Conseil Général de la Seine*, the expense of which would be about 500,000*l.*—The entrance-front of the Hotel *Soubise*, appropriated to the archives of the kingdom, has been adorned with groups of statues, and the peristyle of the principal entrance restored.—*The Builder.*

PROPOSED VANDALISM IN THE PRIORY CHURCH, CHRISTCHURCH.—Sir: The magnificent Priory Church of Christchurch, Twynham, exhibits many features of extraordinary interest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to point out a single church in which more can be found to interest and instruct the admirers and students of ecclesiastical architecture. The choir, now used as the chancel, exists with its stall-work perfect, and almost in the same condition as when left by the monks; it is enclosed at the east end by a stone reredos, or altar-screen, decorated with sculpture representing our Lord's descent from Jesse; at its east end is another screen, formerly called the rood-screen, also of stone, consisting of a double tier of canopied niches, elaborately and beautifully carved. The work is of the time of Edward the Third, which, though much mutilated, still excites the wonder and admiration of all who have the taste to appreciate such a work of art. *The destruction of this screen has been determined on by a committee*, appointed, I presume, for the improvement of this noble church. The time is past, sir, at which such wanton acts of mischief could be perpetrated without remonstrance; and people's taste is too much improved to allow them to pass under the pretence of beautifying the fabric. It is really astonishing that at this day a set of men can be found who can resolve upon the destruction of any of the few remains of mediæval sculpture that have come down to us. When will parish vestries, committees, and corporate bodies, who have the charge of the ecclesiastical edifices of our land, learn that they are only the depositories of a sacred trust, and that their duty is to preserve, and not to destroy; that our generation has, as it were, only a life-interest in these things, and that we are bound to hand them on to posterity, at least in no worse condition than that we have received them in? Pray, sir, raise your powerful voice, and prevent the threatened injury, if possible. A.—*The Builder.*

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